

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1753, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well-selected miscellany, and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men. Single copies, 10 cents a year in advance. Single copies, in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at office of publication. Specimen copies sent free and special terms given advertisers by addressing this publisher.

## Local Matters

### MASONIC CHURCH SERVICE

Next Sunday evening the members of St. John's and St. Paul's Masonic lodges will attend Divine worship in the First Presbyterian Church in honor of St. John's Day. Although the service will be held in the Presbyterian edifice, it will be undenominational but strictly Masonic. The preacher will be Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, minister of the First Universalist Church of Fitchburg, Mass., and Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The Weber Male Quartette of Boston will constitute the choir. The ushers will all be Masons.

The hour of the service will be 7.30 p. m., being a change from the hour previously announced because of the inability of the Quartet to reach here before that hour.

The two lodges will assemble at Masonic Temple and will march from there to the church, the line being headed by the Masonic Band under Past Master David M. Ballou. The Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons of Rhode Island, Arthur G. Newell of Pawtucket, and the District Deputy Grand Master, Augustus F. Rose of Providence are expected to be present. The church will be reserved until the lodges have entered, after which the remaining seats will be open to the public.

The annual dinner of the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce was held at the La Forge Cottage on Monday when officers of the Chamber were elected for the year. Harry A. Titus was chosen president, Charles Tisdall, James T. Kauli, and David C. Caesar, vice presidents, and William Stevens treasurer. The new members of the board of directors are George N. Buckhout, Francis A. Corbett, Edward P. Gosling, William A. Leys, James T. O'Connell and James T. Kauli. A meeting of all the members of the Chamber was called for Friday evening in the City Hall, when many propositions for the year's work will be discussed.

The longest day of the year has come and passed, and the days are now on the wane. Wednesday was the day commonly called the longest, although there are several days of approximately the same length. The actual decrease began yesterday, when according to the Mercury Almanac they had decreased one minute. From now on they will be growing shorter, and it will not be long before another winter will be approaching, though we have not as yet had any summer.

Mrs. Harriet Hall Morris, who died at her Newport residence, "Malbone," late last week, was the widow of Commander Francis Morris, and a daughter of the late Mayor Henry Bedlow. She had been in failing health for a long time. She is survived by a son, Mr. Lewis Gouverneur Morris of New York, and a daughter, Mrs. A. M. Vallin, now in Europe. She was a sister of the late Mrs. William H. Mayer, who died some ten years ago.

Prize Day exercises were held at St. George's School last Saturday, when diplomas were awarded to 28 boys, which is the largest class ever turned out from that school. Mr. Cabot, the headmaster, announced that Mr. John Nicholas Brown is the donor of the proposed new chapel which will cost approximately a half million dollars. It is expected that work on construction will be begun in the near future.

### GARDEN CLUB COMING

The annual meeting of the Garden Club of America will be held in this city next week and elaborate preparations are being made by the members of the Garden Association of Newport to provide for their entertainment. Many of the visitors will be guests in the handsome villas in the summer colony, some of which have been opened unusually early this year in order to be in readiness for the occasion.

The visitors will arrive next Tuesday and will be met by members of the local organization, who will take them to the houses where they will be guests. Headquarters have already been established in the rooms of the Art Association, where an attendant will be on duty at all times to answer questions and provide for the entertainment of visitors. A private by Carl Blenner, Sarah Sears and view has been arranged of paintings special exhibits by Federated Artists. In the evening a Flower Show will be opened for a private view in the Cushing Memorial on the grounds of the Art Association.

On Wednesday the Presidents will meet at the residence of Mrs. Auchincloss at 10.30 for the council of Presidents, followed by lunch at 1.00 for all delegates and officials. In the afternoon motors will take the visitors through the gardens of Hubert Vos, Arthur Curtiss James, John Aspengren, A. Hamilton Rice, Mrs. Richard Gambrell, Mrs. Wetmore and Dr. Henry Barlow Jacobs. Tea will be served at Mrs. Vanderbilt's and Mrs. Jacobs'. At 9.00 p. m. there will be an unique entertainment in the rose garden of Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James.

On Thursday the annual meeting will be held at Headquarters, Art Association, at 10.30. The annual lunch will be served at 1.00 at the Newport Casino. At 2.30 the party will proceed to the Training Station for a special review by courtesy of Captain Frank Taylor Evans; then drive through William H. Vanderbilt's Oak-land Farm, to Whitehall, to Mrs. Emery's, to Mrs. Graham's and from there to the Clambake Club, where a Rhode Island bake will be served.

The privileges of the Casino and of the Newport Reading Room have been extended to the visitors, and many other local organizations are cooperating to make the affair a success.

The officers of the Garden Association of Newport are Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, president; Mrs. Joseph Harriman, vice president; Mrs. Hubert Vos, secretary; and Mrs. Wilbur E. Wilder, treasurer.

### BROADWAY WORK

Broadway becomes more congested every day. A trenching gang is now at work on the east side from Cranston avenue north, putting in new conduits, thus throwing all the traffic on to the west side. Further north, the new curbing has been distributed along the sidewalk preparatory to installing, as the upper end of the highway has never been curbed. It will be a long time before this important thoroughfare is in condition for travel, but if the work is done right, the abutters and the autoists will have no complaint. As the Mercury has repeatedly said, the greatest problem on this street is the foundation, as there has never been a proper excavation with suitable under-drainage. All the repairs that have been made previously have been limited to treating a few inches of the surface. No form of pavement will last on Broadway unless the water underneath is properly cared for.

An over-heated electric flat in the home of Lieutenant Peter Emery on outer Broadway was the cause of considerable damage Tuesday afternoon. A considerable amount of valuable clothing was ruined, and much damage was done to the building. The chemical apparatus was able to take care of the fire.

Labor troubles have visited Newport. In addition to the strike vote taken among the telephone operators, there has been a small strike among the laborers employed on the Edison Bradley property, formerly the Kernochan estate on Marine avenue. They sought an increase of pay from \$4.00 to \$4.50 per day.

As the season advances the number of automobile accidents becomes larger. Hardly a day passes without report of accidents of a more or less serious nature.

It is seldom that Newport sees such hot weather as visited here on Wednesday and Thursday. We have only the one consolation that it was much hotter in the cities.

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening reports of progress were received on the Broadway proposition. The members of the board met with City Engineer Easton previous to the regular session and looked over his preliminary plans. He is now engaged on the specifications for the work.

Street Commissioner Sullivan called attention to the fencing in of Mrs. Cosden's property on Ocean avenue where the city had erected two sea walls. The matter was referred to Alderman Martin for investigation.

Aldermen Kirby and Allan were made a committee to look over the list of men eligible for appointment to the fire department. A large number of licenses of various kinds were granted, and the application of Mrs. Crittenden for a victualling license, which had been turned down because she was not a resident of Newport, was continued another week for further investigation. In response to a query from Mr. F. F. Nolan, it was stated that a report on the Miller claim for damages would be forthcoming next week.

Mayor Sullivan presented a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the State's delegation at Washington to cooperate to prevent the sale of the wooden buildings at Coddington Point, on the ground that the probable amount to be received from them would be inconsequential as compared with their original cost, and that the upkeep of the plant is almost nothing.

Mrs. Martha Coggeshall, widow of John S. Coggeshall who was for many years cashier of the old Union National Bank, and also City Treasurer of the city of Newport, died at her home on Bull street on Thursday, having been a sufferer from heart disease for some time. She was a daughter of the late John C. Ailman and previous to her marriage was a teacher in the public schools. She was long an active worker in the United Congregational Church and had a wide circle of friends.

The Government at Washington is advertising for bids for the purchase of some 200 buildings on Coddington Point. This will practically clear the whole tract of land in the Coddington Point extension of the Training Station here, which was built during war days. The purchasers will be required to remove the buildings from the reservation and take up the pipe and fittings. The property is in easy access for transportation by rail, water, or motor truck.

Mr. James W. Williams for many years conductor on the local street railway, and one of the most popular men in the employ of the Company, died on Sunday at Hempstead, Long Island, where he had made his home for several years. He is survived by a widow one daughter, Mrs. John Lewis, and two sons, Messrs. Baker Williams and George Williams; also several brothers and sisters.

Palestine Temple, Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will hold their annual summer ceremonial and outing at Block Island on Monday next, going from Providence by steamer Mount Hope, stopping at Newport to take on the Shriners from this city. The headquarters on Block Island will be the Ocean View Hotel. A number of the officials of the Imperial Council will be in the party.

Mr. John Spooner, who has been engaged in business as a grocer on Spring street for thirty-five years, has disposed of his interests to Mr. Charles Geller and will retire at once. He has been in poor health for the past two years and feels that his strength is unequal to the task of carrying on the business.

While crossing the street on the outskirts of New Haven last week, Mrs. Charles W. Stewart was struck and knocked down by a passing auto. She was hurried to the New Haven Hospital where it was found that no bones were broken. She is now recovering at her home on Touro street.

The annual Field Day by Kolan Grotto, which was originally planned for July 18th, has been postponed to Wednesday August 8th, because of other attractions on the original date. The committee is hard at work on the attractions for the day, and are looking for a big attendance.

Traffic on Thames street now comes north as far as Mill street because of the repairs that are being made to Pelham street.

### ROGERS HIGH SCHOOL.

The anniversary exercises of the Rogers High School were held on Friday, when the address to the graduates was delivered by President William H. P. Faunce of Brown University. The immense size of the graduating class, 133 in number, made it impossible to seat the class upon the platform as heretofore, so seats were reserved for them upon the floor, with only the officers and speakers on the platform. This is the largest class ever graduated from the Rogers.

Headmaster Frank E. Thompson presided at the exercises and the Rogers Glee Club and Orchestra furnished music, which was much appreciated.

The list of graduates is as follows:

Elizabeth Willis Adams  
William Jean Appleton  
Anna Blossom Barlow  
Clifford Olan Barker  
Lawrence Joseph Barry, Jr.  
Mary Margaret Beach  
Mary Kathryn Behan  
Emma Florence Beldan  
George Edward Bennett  
Lillian Charlotte Berghman  
Lillian Mitchell Berry  
Carl Gustaf Leonard Bloom  
John Treadwell Bowers, Jr.  
Edith Hensley Boyan  
Robert Van Buren  
Hugo Albrecht Brandt  
Helen Olivia Brice  
Roland Easton Brown  
Henry Lee Burgess  
Alice May Byrne  
John Arthur Caesar  
Margaret Winifred Callahan  
Charles Danahy Carr  
Lary Winthrop Carr  
Margaret Cecelia Cliney  
Laura Jeanette Chase  
Eleanor Frances Carter Clarke  
Margaret Cecelia Connell  
Edward Leonard Duggan  
Marie Theresa Costello  
William King Costello  
Louis Owen Cross  
Mary Margaret Crosthair  
Gladys Louise Duggan  
Mary Josephine Del Nero  
Helen Irene Donaldson  
Alfred Rosine Helene Dring  
Frances William Dring  
Margaret Winifred Dring  
Anna Patricia Frances Dunn  
Kathleen Ebert Dwyer  
Charles Fennar Easterbrook  
George Arthur Edwards  
Avis Volney Maria Edin  
Agnes Patricia Egan  
Eleanor Winifred Featherstone  
William Henry Ford  
Laura Louise Frank  
Norman Nathaniel Freeman  
Frances Sanford Fullerton  
Hazel Elizabeth Gage  
Daniel Francis Galtin  
Anna Maria Gutzwiller  
Henry Frederick Gorski  
Helen Nicholson Gray  
Sydney Hannah Greason  
Gladys Joseph Green  
Fred Masius Hammill, Jr.  
Ada Frances Harbron  
Edith Gertrude Harrington  
Clifton Russell Hathaway  
Dorothy Hines  
John Houterson  
Mildred Selvig Iverson  
Elizabeth Norman Johnson  
Martha Johnson  
Marie Ella Johnson  
Marion Elizabeth Kalkman  
Joseph Alexander Keenan  
Thomas Martin King, Jr.  
John Kirby  
Louise Judith Lawton  
Alice Gertrude Lawton  
Herbert Alexander Lawton  
Arthur Edward Leary  
Margaret Louise Littlefield  
Nora Agnes Longene  
Theodore Timothy Mahoney  
Laura Elizabeth Manchester  
Ruth Mancel  
Anna Eugenia Marston  
Mary Pauline Martin  
Dorothy Elizabeth Minkler  
John Thomas Morgan  
Joseph Harold Mosher  
Clark Craig Kathryn Murphy  
Margaret Alice Murphy  
Margaret Anna Murphy  
William Harold Murphy  
Margaret Ann Murphy  
Isabel Katherine Nathan  
Elizabeth Anne Newbauer  
Frank Andrew Newton  
Julienne Francis O'Connor  
Helene Eleanor O'Neill  
Simon Ozalin  
James Alanson Peckham  
Anthony Antoinette Peir  
Bernice Joseph Peir  
Michael Angelo Perrotta  
Anna Patricia Phelan  
Elizabeth Russell Power  
Thomas Francis Powers  
Daisy Patricia Powers  
Myron Albert Quinto  
Joseph Manuel Ramos  
Agnes Belle Robinson  
Annie Norma Seabury  
Mary Catherine Shattell  
Frederick Cooke Shaw  
Rosa Maria Shuster  
Helga Sigval  
Margaret Hitecock Sims  
Orrel Amanda Smith  
Eileen Gertrude Speedwell  
Samuel Charles Spelling  
Sandra Hilda Spiers  
Hastings Ethel Stewart  
Mabel Stewart  
Vernon Cecil Stoneham  
Howard Kenneth Sullivan  
Thomas Joseph Swann  
Frances Stewart Tennant  
Benjamin Marshall Thurston  
Dorothy Toll  
Dorothy Marie Toomey  
Charles Towell  
Edith Leving Yarro  
John Pascal Viski  
John Joseph Washington  
Mary Grace Walton  
Gladys Louise Webb  
Martha Marion West  
Mildred Ella White  
Gertrude Herman Zeldman

The graduating exercises of the grammar grades were held on Thursday, Principal Dudley E. Campbell presiding at the John Clarke School and Principal Clarence A. Carr at the Mumford. A total of 227 pupils received diplomas, 119 from the Mumford and 108 from the John Clarke. Rev. Roy W. Magoun delivered the address to the graduates at the John Clarke School and Judge Max Levy at the Mumford. Mr. Robert C. Bachelder of the School Committee presented the diplomas at the John Clarke, and Mr. William W. Covell at the Mumford.

The committee of 25 of the representative council has organized by the election of George N. Buckhout as chairman. It is the intention of the committee to have their work completed far in advance of the usual time.

### MIDDLETOWN

#### Probate Court

At the probate court held in Middletown on June 18 the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Rhoda A. Chase—Account of Minnie C. Kinnicutt, custodian was allowed and passed for record.

An inventory amounting to \$6,276.90 was presented by the Industrial Trust Company, as administrator; received and ordered recorded.

Estate of Lida W. Peckham—John H. Nolan was appointed administrator de bonis non, to succeed Clinton G. Smith, the former administrator, and required to give bond in the sum of \$6,000, with the Royal Indemnity Company of New York as surety. Albert L. Chase was appointed appraiser.

Estate of Ann Rebecca Irish—The first and final account of George H. Irish, administrator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall—The second and final account of Albert L. Chase, administrator, was referred to the third Monday of July and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Anne A. Chase—The petition of Arthur A. Chase to be appointed administrator was referred to the third Monday in July and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

#### Town Council

The Sells-Floto Circus Company was granted a license to exhibit its circus on the Beattie lot at the corner of Beacon street and West Main road on Wednesday, July 18. The license fee was made at \$100.

Puny Pokross of Fall River, who was refused a junk license on May 21, appeared before the council and renewed his application. He had paid a license fee for seventeen years, amounting to \$85. On account of tardy payment in 1922, when business was very dull, he had been turned down. He was ready to pay his fee at once this year, if he received his license. Upon reconsideration of the vote of May 21 it was decided to renew his license for another year.

Elisha A. Peckham was appointed a committee to ascertain the probable cost of building a concrete bridge in Berkeley avenue, near its junction with Green End avenue, to replace the wooden bridge now in use.

The proposal of Theodore B. Dawley of Newport, R. I., to paint the trimmings of the sheds on the town house lot and the window frames and surfaced boards on the town house, for \$120, was accepted.

A communication was received from Michael M. Van Beuren in reference to the improvement of the easterly end of Wyatt road. On the condition that the council would appropriate \$2000 for its improvement, he would be responsible for an equal amount and would donate a quantity of stone to be used in the foundation of a new roadbed. His neighbors, the Dennis J. Murphy family and William J. Peckham, would also contribute stone for the like purpose.

It was voted to accept the proposal of Mr. Van Beuren and \$2000 was apportioned from the highway appropriation made in March towards a new roadbed in Wyatt road. The work of construction is to begin after the completion of the hay harvest, and to be done under the supervision of Councilman Joseph A. Peckham.

The council adjourned to meet at the office of the Town Clerk on Monday, June 25, at seven p. m., to revise the contents of the jury box and to draw jurors for the new judicial year ensuing the second Saturday in July.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: The Barrett Co. for tarvia, \$249.10; John H. Spooner, for carting gravel for tarvia, in Road Dist. No. 1, \$59.70; John H. Spooner, for labor on highways on Road Dist. No. 1, \$76.40; Elmer B. Sisson, labor on highways in Road Dist. No. 1, \$10.50; I. N. Dennis for spreading sand on Oliphant Lane, \$3.50; Bill Webber, for spreading sand on Oliphant Lane, \$13.05; Harold C. Murphy, for work on highways in Dis. No. 1, \$4.05; Mrs. Joshua Coggeshall, for two loads of stone, \$2.50; Fillmore Coggeshall, for 16 loads of gravel, \$8; Joseph S. Levada, for filling holes on Greene's Lane, \$71.75; John L. Simmons, Jr., for work on Greene's Lane, \$10.60; Peckham Bros. Co., for crushed stone furnished Road Dist. No. 1, \$49.50; for crushed stone and K. P. furnished Road Dist. No. 2, \$377.25; for crushed stone and labor on Ice House hill, \$233.25; for crushed stone furnished Road Dist. No. 3, \$131; for crushed stone furnished 2nd & 1st Beach avenue, \$231; for crushed stone furnished Road Dist. No. 4, \$182; John Nicholson, for carting sand, \$41.20; Chester B. Brown, for carting sand, \$77; Charles S. Ritchie for spreading gravel, \$3.60; Pinniger & Manchester for soft coal and wood, \$69.51; Pinniger & Manchester, for soft coal and wood, \$26.88; Joseph A. Peckham, for repairs to highways in Road Dist. No. 4, \$50.70; for carting sand, \$102; Theodore B. Dawley, painting town hall, \$233.33; Elisha A. Peckham, for re-building foundation wall in town hall, \$148.10; Fred P. Webber, services as member of School Committee, \$25; John H. Spooner for carting sand for town hall, \$9; Broadway Hardware Co., for well bucket, scythe and rake, \$7.45; Thomas G. Ward, for making out dog lists, \$17.10; for services as town

representative \$10; for taxitor of town hall, \$15; Margarette Elliott, for examining system \$2; Mercury Publishing Co. for printing tax notices, \$7.50; New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for use of three telephones, \$7.95; New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for light at town hall, \$2.94; The T. T. Pitman Corp'n, for printing Tax As-

sessors' Notice, \$36.77; William H. Sisson for services as Forest Warden, \$10; Louise H. Stewart, for assistance in town clerk's office, \$40; Robert M. Wetherell, for work in Middletown cemetery, \$106.50; Stephen P. Cabot services of Public Health Nurse, \$200.

### PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)  
Inspection of Eureka Chapter.

The regular meeting of Eureka Chapter, No. 19, Order of the Eastern Star, was opened at Eureka Hall on Monday at 5.30 and, after a short business meeting, it was adjourned, the officers and members going to Fair Hall. A bountiful supper, of chicken salad, mashed potato, rolls, coffee, strawberries and cream, and cake, was served under the direction of Mrs. D. Frank Hall. About two hundred were served.

At eight o'clock the meeting, reopened in the upper hall and the Grand Marshal, Miss Harriett G. Bullock, announced the Grand Grand Marshal Miss M. Isabell Fiddes, Grand Grand Patron Mr. John J. Greene, and other visitors. The annual inspection was held, after which four candidates were initiated. Mrs. Howard Radford of Newport sang during the initiation. Visitors were present from 14 Chapters and one member of Aberdeen Lodge, Scotland, was present.

Miss Jennie Coggeshall, who was united in marriage with Mr. Arthur Howell last week, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Coggeshall. Mr. Coggeshall was formerly a resident of this town, as was the bridegroom, Mr. Howell.

The bronze tablet which was given by the Daughters of the American Revolution of Rhode Island, and which was unveiled and dedicated on August 29, 1922, at Fort Butts, on Sprague street, has recently been re-set. This work was done last week in charge of the regent Mrs. Philip S. Wilbur, and the secretary of the Colonel William Barton Chapter D. A. R.

At the annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture which was held recently in Providence, Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman of Middletown was chosen a member of the executive committee and Senator Arthur A. Sherman of this town was chosen Cattle Commissioner for Newport County.

The officers and members of Eureka Lodge No. 22, F. & A. M., will attend in a body the services at St. Paul's Church on Sunday morning. Bishop Perry will make his annual visitation in the afternoon at 4.30 and has accepted an invitation to take supper with the Young People's Club of St. Paul's parish.

The grammar graduation of the Quaker Hill School was held at the town hall on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. There was a large number of relatives and friends present.

A Durant coupé caught fire on Wednesday evening about eight o'clock just south of Oakland Farm. A passing machine which was equipped with a pyrene fire extinguisher, rendered first aid and only slight damage was done, but it was unable to proceed to its destination and was towed into a nearby yard. The machine, which was new, was registered in Massachusetts.

St. Paul's Guild held an all-day meeting on Tuesday at the parish house. Much work was accomplished for the annual lawn party.

Mrs. Annie Conley of Providence has opened her summer cottage at Bristol Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Handy have as guests Mrs. Handy's sister, Miss Margaret Parker, and a friend, Miss Boyle, of the City Hospital, Fall River.

Two automobiles collided at Island Park on Friday night of last week. One was driven by Mr. Clarence A. Bralley of Newport and the other by Mr. J. Hannon of Pawtucket. The accident occurred in an unexplained manner. The machines were somewhat damaged, but the occupants escaped unhurt.

On the same evening while walking past the blacksmith's shop of Mr. M. J. Murphy on his way homeward, Mr. Carlton Macomber was struck by a machine of some sort and was unconscious. When consciousness returned he crawled to the edge of the road and was later picked up by a passing machine and carried to the Union Hospital, Fall River. It was found that he was suffering from many cuts and bruises and a broken leg. Mr. Macomber, who resides with his father, Mr. Isaac Macomber, did not see the automobile which struck him, as it continued on its way.

On the same evening Mr. Anthony Bosoares was driving through Union street, when two men attempted to hold him up. As the right side of the road was rough, he was using the left side, when two tall shabbily-dressed men, attempted to climb on his car. He swerved sharply to the right and the machine crashed into some overhanging boughs. The men were swept off, the top of the machine badly torn and the windshield shattered. Mr. Bosoares received a deep gash on the left hand, but escaped other injuries.

Repairs and improvements made to the house on Power street recently purchased of the Gilbert Brownell heirs by Mr. Quirk of Fall River, are nearly completed. Mr. Quirk expects to occupy it soon.

News has been received by Mr. and Mrs. William Hathaway of the illness of their son Ernest in New York.

# Gift of the Desert



COMIC BY A. CHICAGO & CO.



Randall Parrish

by Randall Parrish

If the surviving frontiersmen of America are to form a society, there being a few of the latter, they could well include Randall Parrish and give him the position of historian of the body. The death of Emerson through a fall from a horse, a fall which was a direct result of the fact that he was a writer, a writer who had made a specialty of the frontier, and even accompanied the frontiersmen in their expeditions. Parrish, a writer who has made a specialty of the frontier, and even accompanied the frontiersmen in their expeditions. Parrish, a writer who has made a specialty of the frontier, and even accompanied the frontiersmen in their expeditions.

edge of the laral. Thus, little by little, she had adapted herself to the rough life, determined to keep her word, but nevertheless growing constantly more and more heartless. Then Tom Meager came to his death. Riding home alone from Nogales at night, in the dark of Silver Canyon, his horse slipped and fell, and Meager lay there on the rock motionless. A packer found his body the next day, and brought it on to the ranch. In some way the message of the old man's passing crossed the border line down far into old Mexico, until it reached the ears of his son, and along came white. Three days after the burial this wanderer of many years returned, drove his saddle horse into the corral, and assumed control. Whatever might be his legal right, there was none to oppose his bold assumption of authority or management. The widow lay helpless on her bed, she was not the boy's mother, and he never so much as crossed the threshold of her room. If there had been a will, no one searched for it, or made inquiries. By sheer force and audacity Bob Meager took command, asking permission of no one.

## CHAPTER I

### The Choice.

It was a wonderful thing to be twenty-three, full of hope and ambition, and in the wide out-of-doors, more wonderful still to possess the glorious memory of nearly two years in the hospitals of France, six months of that time just behind the American fighting line. Yet the girl was not thinking of this then as she sat there alone at the edge of the ravine, gazing silently at across the dull leagues of desert to where a distant blue range of mountains cut off the view with their ragged summits, while arching over all hung the clear Arizona sky, slowly turning to purple. She compared that sun-kissed vista with other sunsets in France and Germany, when the ground was yet red with the blood of sacrificed manhood. Her heart ached still with the sad memory that would not let her hours of toil, scenes of suffering. But this mood had also passed away, and now, although her eyes were still upon that outspread picture below, her thought had centered upon the present in a dull wonderment at the strange situation surrounding her. Why had she ever listened to the plea of old Tom Meager, back there in Chicago, and finally, partially from pity, partially from that new love of adventure engendered within her by service across the water, agreed to come west with him? Of course, she never had dreamed what it really would be like—life on this vast isolated ranch along the southern border, with the drear desert stretching away on every side from this little oasis of water and grass. Tom Meager had never told the whole story; he had dealt on the loneliness of his sick wife, the chance she had of regaining health, with proper nursing and care; the rare beauty of the sunset, the wonderful glow of the cool desert nights, the wild, free existence of the range, filled with excitement and a dash of danger. It all had appealed to her strangely—the service, the complete change in environment, the escape from the humdrum life of the Marine hospital. The pay was good, the opportunity excellent, and she had said "yes" without half realizing then what it all meant.

They finally met the morning of the fifth day, unexpectedly, when, without even knocking, the fellow strode into the widow's room unceremoniously. The girl, in her nurse's uniform, arose hastily to her feet, and confronted the male intruder indignantly, her eyes blazing with sudden antagonism.

"Who are you?" he asked gruffly.



"Who Are You?" He Asked Gruffly.

yet with a measure of doubt in the tone. "Some poor relative?" "Not quite as bad as that," she answered, resenting his manner, yet endeavoring to control her speech. "I am Mrs. Meager's nurse." "Nurse!" he sneered sarcastically. "Good Lord, so the old man stood for that, did he? Well, you can hardly expect me to; it is more than my mother ever had. Do you know who I am?" "I presume you must be Robert Meager." "For goodness' sake, and I've come back here to run this ranch; you get me?" "Quite clearly—yes." "Oh, you do? Well, then I'll enlighten you further. You're Mrs. Meager's nurse, you said? Pretty soft job, isn't it? I don't believe there will be any necessity for her having a nurse very long. What's your name?" "Deborah Meredith." He laughed, showing a row of cruel white teeth. "Sounds like a story book; where did the old man pick you up?" "My home is in Chicago." "Well, he certainly showed good taste. I'll say that for him. You are some good-looking, Deborah Meredith. I'm glad if I don't rather like your style."

enchasing. The girl's face flushed indignantly, but her eyes never fell. "You sure do look good to me," he announced finally, "and I don't believe I'll fire you—not yet, anyhow." "It will not be at all necessary," she said quietly. "I shall attend to that for myself."

"You mean you will quit?" "I certainly shall." "Oh, h—l! Spunky little thing, ain't you? I reckon I'll have something to say about that."

"You mean you will compel me to remain whether I wish to or not?" she asked in surprise. "Why, that cannot be done! I am not a slave."

"It can't hurt. Do you know where you are?" "Certainly I do."

"By G—d, I doubt it. This is the Meager ranch in Arizona. There ain't another outfit within fifty miles, and nothing else round us but desert! There ain't no water, and no grass. I'm around things here, and you bet I know how to run them. You get me? I'm the boss; before another week's out every white man on this ranch will be hunting a job, and there'll be Mex in their places. I know how to handle Mex; they'll do what I say—you bet they will. So Miss Deborah Meredith, how is it you're going to quit before ever I say you can't? Ain't no hoof it across the alkali to Nogales? Ten miles of that stuff would break your heart. You better think it over."

She saw him clearly in the light of the twilight, and in spite of her natural courage, the girl's heart sank. Was there any act of brutality the man would be incapable of? He was big, burly, with broad shoulders and a deep chest, almost a giant of a man, but it was the face which bespoke his character. He was written plainly all over it, seemingly imprinted on every feature, yet at the moment she did not fear him; instinctively she felt the power of his back of his brutality.

"I prefer," she said quietly, "not to discuss the matter now. Surely this was not why you came in here?" "I sure like you better, little girl," he admitted admiringly. "No, I didn't come exactly for that, but whatever brought me I've changed my mind. We'll let things go on just as they are at present, I reckon. But don't you ever imagine I am playing with you; I can't count for much out here, sister, as what I say goes."

She watched him as he turned and went out the door, her hands clenched, a wave of intense hatred surging over her. Yet in another moment she had conquered herself, and moved quietly back to the side of the bed on which her patient lay sobbing. She bent above the distressed woman.

"He is worse even than I thought," she said, unable wholly to hide her distress. "What caused him to come in here, do you suppose?" "He came to send me away," answered the other clasping the girl's hands. "I know it would not be long; he has stalked me always."

"Send you away! Why, you were his father's wife. Even if there was no will you must have some rights in the estate. Surely, that is the law."

"I—I do not know," wearily. "Tom never explained anything to me, but I am afraid of Bob Meager. Don't cross him; don't anger him. He is dangerous, and I am afraid of him, for your sake as well as my own."

"What do you want me to do?" the girl questioned, influenced by the timidity of the other. "Let that beast have his own way with me?"

desert scene outstretched before her, or the beauty of that red sunset bled those far-off peaks. She was not even conscious of her more immediate surroundings, reasoning totally oblique to the solitary horseman, approaching along the barely discernible trail skirting the edge of the mesa. The horse was moving slowly, with wearily drooping head, and on the hard-beaten sand the hoofs made no noise sufficient to disturb her. It was on the farther edge of the chaparral that the horseman suddenly perceived the girl, her white skirt showing conspicuously in the purple light, and quickly held up his pony. She had evidently neither seen nor heard his approach, and he swung silently over the animal's head, before advancing toward her on foot. It was not until he had reached within a very few yards of her position that Deborah became aware of some presence near, and arose instinctively to her feet, facing him in sudden alarm. It was too late then to flee; the man blocked the only path available.

"Frightened you, didn't it?" he asked carelessly, flipping a weed with his quirt, but with searching eyes on her face. "You must have been in some daydream, I'll say."

"I—I was thinking," she answered, a little catch in the voice, but as instantly determining to tell the truth, and thus learn, if possible, his purpose, "of what you intend to do with me. I—I cannot continue to bear things as they are."

"Why, they are not so bad, are they?" he asked provocatively, but making no effort to advance. "This is the usual ranch to which you came voluntarily; I have not put down your wages, and the food, and all that, is just as good. Do you mean you don't like it here any longer?"

"I certainly do not under the circumstances. I am no longer here of my own free will."

"Oh, is that it? Well, perhaps we can remedy that trouble. Sit down there again while we talk it over."

"I prefer to stand."

"All right then, only it ain't going to do you no good to be off on that. I'll tell you that at the start. You ought to know by this time that I ain't the playing sort. Found any way to leave yet? I reckon not, or you wouldn't be here. Well, that lesson ought to mean something to you. I've left you alone for three days now, just to let it sink in."

"That I could not escape from here without assistance?"

"Sure; there ain't no way for a woman—a tenderfoot—to get across that desert without help of some kind, and a horse. I reckon you are smart enough to know that. It was mostly on your account I sent them old punchers away, and got a lot of Mex in to ride herd, and do whatever odd jobs were needed. There ain't nobody round who cares a whoop in h—l what happens. You better let that sink in, too, first of all. Then it will be easier for us to come to an understanding."

"An understanding?" she asked in surprise. "You desire to explain, then? Let first you threaten me!" He laughed.

to play, and have come?" "Correct, I can't lose. You got to do what I say, whether you like it or not. Maybe you don't just get this straight! Well, listen. In the first place I am Bob Meager, and I reckon you never heard nothing very good about me. It's pretty generally known around here that I am a bad man, and that I usually get what I go after, and you know that, don't you?"

"I—I have heard of your methods—yes."

"I thought most likely you had. Well, that's one point. The second point is, I'm the real boss of this ranch; it's mine, and I've got the let-



Now Of You Get the picture?

ters to prove it. Now, do you get the picture?"

"It was almost dark, but she could still distinguish his face, as he leaned forward, peering at her. There was no doubt as to the real meaning of the man, and she comprehended fully her own helplessness of resistance. All she could hope to do now was to cause delay, to thus win a chance to think and act."

"Yes," she managed to say, marveling at the calmness with which she spoke, and now on her feet facing him. "I think I know what you mean. You have me completely in your power; you have planned it all out."

"That's the ticket. Now there ain't no use your getting mad. I like you; I like you awfully well, and I'm going to be mighty square with you. But there ain't no other way for me to get you—was there?"

"No," she said frankly, "there was no other course possible."

"Which means you don't like me at all?"

"It means all of that, and more, Bob Meager. I do not believe I ever despised anyone as much in my life as I do you. I disliked you before I ever saw you; now I hate the very ground you walk on. Have you any use for me after that?"

"You just bet I have," he grinned. "You're sure a wildcat, but I'll tame you. D—n it! I like it in you; you're not the wishy-washy kind. One of us has got to be boss; I saw that from the very first, and that's what this means now; I'm going to be the one."

with full knowledge of what he said. Heedful as it was, he had acted deliberately, and in cold blood. That made it all the more dangerous, for he would likely drink now and become an utter fiend. Within an hour he would be raging drunk, capable of any indignity, any wild act. A brute, no, he became a demon drunk. And she must face it—alone! This was the conviction that slowly took full possession of her mind. His throat was not as thin as she could see, but contemptuously away and leave her there, completely confident that she could not escape. There was no spot of safety to which she could fly, no friend to whom she could appeal.

She gazed hopelessly out into the black void; not a light gleamed anywhere except from those distant stars overhead. There was but one way leading across that expanse, the single trail connecting with the mesa through the mountainous canyon beyond. There might, of course, be others—known to Indians or outlaw—but this path was the only one she ever had traveled. And it never could be traversed alone on foot.

Yet, was there any other hope of escape of punishment even? To appeal to Bob Meager would accomplish nothing. She knew the bare heart of the man now if she never had before; he would only laugh, whether she came to him with reproaches or tears. And there was no one else—not a single white man left on the estate to her knowledge; not an officer of the law nearer than Nogales. The justice of the peace, who man, whoever out to marry them! Hah! Whoever he was, he would assuredly be a creature of Meager's own choosing. No other kind would be employed under the circumstances. And Mrs. Meager would only break down and cry; under no conditions could she, of the slightest, escape, her terror of her stepson was the real cause of her nervous breakdown.

No, there was absolutely no one to rely upon but herself. And what could she do? The girl stood up in the darkness, her hands gripped, her eyes on the opening through the chaparral leading toward the house—the trail along which Bob Meager had disappeared, a dark shadow, but there was nowhere else for her to go. She must face this thing alone, with all the desperate courage she could muster. If the worst came she must act, swiftly, decisively—even to killing the monster. There was no other choice left, no other possibility of escape. But where could she procure a weapon? She possessed none of her own; had, never, dreamed of owning such a thing, yet this yearning thought about the ranch. Surely she could easily be secured.

Impelled by this thought of self-defense, realizing clearly that she could turn nowhere else with any hope of escaping this dilemma; that she could neither flee the place nor find assistance, Deborah, the color high in her cheeks, her lips quivering in determination, advanced resolutely through the darkness toward the house. She would defend herself at all hazards; before she would submit to that brute she would shoot to kill.

The men of the home ranch were evidently at supper, the dim dining hall being lighted, and, as she slipped past the unshaded windows, she had glimpse of the fellows within and heard their voices conversing loudly in Spanish. They were a motley bunch, scarcely a face down the long table that was not vicious and depraved—the scum of Mexico, the majority exhibiting Indian blood. They were a precious gang of ruffians, indeed, worthy of their master, and the girl crept away, glad to escape the sound of their voices. There was a single dim light burning in the back porch, but no sign of any occupant. Undoubtedly every hand on the place must be asleep, and no better opportunity could be found in which to seek for and appropriate some forgotten weapon. She advanced cautiously, listening intently for any sound, eager to accomplish her object. Once armed, she would feel more confident; the very touch of a weapon in her hand would bring her renewed courage.

The bunkhouse was a long building of adobe, the bunks lining the walls, open at both ends, the only light a lantern swung from a center beam. The glass of this was blackened with smoke, and only a dim radiance made the interior barely visible. However, there were no occupants. Without hesitation, but with heart beating wildly, she slipped silently within, her eager eyes swiftly searching the vacant bunks and the wooden pegs above, on which dangled a miscellaneous collection of garments. She advanced gingerly, satisfied that if any occupant had left his belt behind it would be found in one of the bunks.

She had gone entirely down one side, and moved across to the other before she found what she sought, her heart leaping exultantly as she perceived the gleam of a steel barbed in the dim light. It lay fully exposed on top of a dirty blanket, a wicked-looking .44 in a well-worn holster, with a belt containing a half-dozen cartridges. She grasped these in her hands, conscious, even as she did so, of the sound of voices outside. The men were already returning; scarcely a moment remained before some of them would enter the upper door. The moment was sufficient to permit the frightened girl to dash out of the lower entrance into the darkness beyond, and crouch there, the prize still securely in her hands, waiting opportunely to steal away toward the protection of the ranchhouse. Note of the fellows close that entrance, but surged in through the other without a care in the world.

The two who had entered first stretched themselves out in bunks opposite each other, puffing vigorously on their cigarettes, and conversed in English, evidently proud of the accomplishment. One she recognized as John Sanchez, who had accompanied Bob Meager on his return, and who, since been made foreman, a swarthy-eyed half-breed, with a long mustache and a wild air on one cheek. The other was an Indian, a mere boy.

Continued on Page 8



## GIFT OF THE DESERT

Continued from Page 2  
but with cruel mouth, and face hideous from poxmarks. Sanchez called him Pedro, yet talked to him as he might to a dog. It was the boy who questioned eagerly:  
"Yet he any, señor—the man? I hear set not all, the fools they make so much noise. We have fiesta?"  
Sanchez blew a cloud of smoke into the polluted air, dipping the ash of his cigarette onto the floor.  
"Pretty drink, Pedro," he said ludo.



Sanchez Laughed Grimly.

ently, "An' no work tomorrow. The boss he angry."  
"Marry! the gringo? How that be angry, señor?" and Pedro sat up, dangling his feet over the edge of the bunk.  
Sanchez laughed grimly.

"Ah, Pedro, I forgot you were there. It was a great night, was it not; yet, Martin Alina; it counts for nothing this side the line. 'Tis no senorita of Mexico this time, but one of his own race, which is different; now he marry for long while."

"In marry of his own race—here?"  
"Sure; you have seen her; she carries for the old senora."

"The girl in white?"

"Tis she; and Madre de Dios, I would it was I who had her, Pedro! I'd give you each eye! Sure! I would ride through hell to make her smile on me."

"Tis she in white?"

"Tis she in white?"

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"Tis she in white?"

Well, she would never pay it, or if she must, then she would choose herself what that price should be. She felt at that moment that she could kill the brute as she would a mad dog. It was a pity, a privilege. Again and again her mind dwelt about the unbroken circle; the chain binding her was complete; she could turn nowhere for help; she was absolutely a prisoner. The revolver hidden away in that bureau drawer alone promised protection. There were tears in her eyes, but not tears of weakness or of pity; her lips were firmly set, and her hands clasping the window sill were rigid with determination. She had made up her mind.

She was alone—alone! Beyond law, justice, mercy even, without a friend, a hope; a mere atom left to perish at the will of a brute. Even God had deserted her!

Her wrist watch had stopped, and she possessed no knowledge of the time, yet surely it must be late. The respite now would be short; those who were coming to carry out this mockery could not be delayed much longer. She even hoped now they would come; anything was better than this uncertainty, this horror of waiting.

She wondered where Bob Meager was, and what he was doing. There was no movement about the house, except that of the cook in the detached kitchen. The fellow's regular work would have been completed long ago; no doubt he was busily preparing some sort of feast with which to celebrate the wedding. The wedding! Her wedding! There was the harsh mockery of laughter in her voice as she repeated over about the ironic words. Her wedding! Girl-like she had wondered often what it would be like. And now it was here; she was actually waiting the hour, the moment. And the husband; the man whom Fate or the devil had brought to her? He was waiting, too, no doubt, alone in the front room yonder, drinking himself into a reckless courage, becoming a greater demon with every moment of delay. It was too much, too much. The very heart seemed to go out of her, and she buried her face in her arms on the sill, her body shaking with the sobs which could no longer be restrained.

Suddenly her ears caught the distant sound of horses' hoofs through the silence, and she sat up, gasping for breath, once more clutched by fear. Yes, they were actually coming, the end was already at hand; he had not lied to her, not merely threatened—he was really brute enough to carry out the plan scheme. She was upon her feet, standing, motionless and rigid, back beyond view, when the little party rode up to the main door of the ranch house, which opened at their approach, a startling beam of light flashing within.

There were but three in the company, all men. Two of the faces she could not distinguish at all, one a rather trim figure, sitting his saddle like a cavalry man; the other a humpbacked, decidedly ungainly fellow, topped with a broad Mexican sombrero which completely shadowed his features. These two remained mounted, but the third man swung instantly down from the saddle, notably greeting Meager as he stepped into the open doorway. He was a heavily built American, with coarse, bleated, face, and wore a scraggly beard. When he spoke he croaked like a frog.

"Hello, Bob!" he called out, waddling forward. "Well, I got here all right."

"So I see," with no special cordiality in the voice, which was hoarse from drink. "And you didn't come alone, Garrity; who the hell is with you?"

"Alone!" He spluttered out a laugh. "Did you think I'd ride across that desert at night alone? Not for all the money you got, Bob Meager. A man came along with me, an' out here at Silver Springs we run into another old pard of yours, an' persuaded him to ride on along with us. Ain't that all right?"

"It depends! D—n you, Garrity, I told you this was to be a private affair, didn't I? Who is the fellow you brought along from Silver Springs?"

"Frisko—don't that beat it—?"

"Frisko! Why, by G—d, I never supposed he dared show up this side the line." He stepped out eagerly, reaching a little from the liquor he carried, yet heading straight toward the taller figure in the dim light. The latter swung down from the saddle and met him, Meager, garrulous with drink, greeting him effusively.

"Say, I'm glad to see you, Kid," he burst forth, "but how the hell do you dare come here? There is a lot of guys who'd kill their own mother for the reward Arizona's got on you. Tryin' to commit suicide?"

"No, not as desperate as that, Bob," answered the other, his voice rather low and muffled. "I know what I was doing all right, and these fellows didn't catch me asleep out at Silver Springs. I knew who they were before I joined up with them. Fact is, Bob, I was headed this way and willin' to have company of the right sort."

"Headed this way? Huntin' me, you mean? What's up?"

"Nothing to worry about tonight. What I came for will wait. Safe for me here, isn't it?"

"Sure," and Meager burst into a drunken laugh. "I've cleaned out the old outfit complete. Come on in, all of you, an' let's have a drink. Hey there, Sanchez," and his voice roared out the order to the bunkhouse. "Take care of these horses."

Deborah, her heart beating wildly, sank down upon a chair, with face buried in her hands. They had come, and there was no hope in them. The judge, the half-breed, were mere puppets, dancing to the voice of their master; the very tone in which he greeted them spoke his contempt of the fellows. Any appeal for mercy to such as they would be but wasted breath. And the third man! The girl had somehow, at first view, hope of him. His trim appearance in the dim light, the pleasant, firm sound of his voice, her knowledge that he was not part of the original conspiracy, had given her a sudden thrill of expecta-

tion. But this existed no longer since she heard his name. The "Frisko Kid"; the very sound of it served to chill her blood. Outlaw, desperado, spoken of in whispers along the border; tales of him had reached her ears ever since her first arrival. There was no hope for her in his presence.

Sometime rapped gently on the door, and she sprang to her feet and stood motionless, staring through the darkness. The rapping came again.

## CHAPTER IV

## The Marriage.

Deborah stepped forward silently, her lips pressed tight, opened the bureau drawer, straightening up once more with the heavy A gripped in her hand. The time had come, and she suddenly felt calm and cold.

"Who is there?"

"It's just me, Miss Meredith," answered a woman's voice weakly. "I've got one of my spells again. I—I need you bad. I just thought I couldn't drug myself this far; only I had to."

The reaction left the startled girl trembling, but she had no doubt as to the urgency of the call. Thrusting the revolver back into its hiding place, unwilling that Mrs. Meager should even see it, she swiftly unlocked the door and stepped forth into the dimly lit hall. Her eyes caught one glimpse of her patient's face, ghastly white, but



Directly Fronting Her Stood Juan Sanchez.

with terror rather than pain, and as quickly realized that she had walked into a set trap. Before she could even spring backward, a burly form crowded past her into the opening, completely blocking it, while directly fronting her, grinning maliciously, stood Juan Sanchez. She knew, without seeing, who was behind her—Bob Meager, chuckling in drunken satisfaction. It was the shrinking, frightened woman against the opposite wall who spoke first.

"I—I didn't want to do it," she screamed hysterically. "He—he made me; he—he said he'd kill me if I didn't. My G—d! what do these men want of you?"

"Shut up!" roared Meager angrily. "Run the old fool back into her room, Juan, and shut the door on her. Go on; I'll take care of the girl. Rather fooled you that time, I reckon, young lady."

She looked him coldly, contemptuously in the face, conscious of the struggle to remove the older woman.

"Don't try to remain, Mrs. Meager," she said quietly. "Go back to your room. I can take care of myself."

"But—but, dearie, what is it they want to do with you?"

Deborah laughed bitterly, so desperate by then as to be reckless. "Marry me to this drunken brute," she explained, "this delightful stepson of yours. There is nothing you can do to help me; so go on back to your room—please go!"

Sanchez, grinning still, as though he enjoyed the task, forced the hapless woman down the hall. He shoved her roughly into her room, closed and locked the door. Deborah heard the fall on the floor within, but her eyes were upon the threatening face of Bob Meager.

"Well," she said sharply, "you seem to have won the first round?"

"You bet I have. There wasn't no need breaking in, while there was an easier way. So you ain't going to make no row?"

"I have not said what I mean to do."

"An' I don't give a damn whether you do or not. You better get that straight into your head, or I'll drag you to the other of them two things."

"Along where?"

"To the living-room, of course. That's where I aim to have the ceremony pulled off."

The girl thought quickly. Resistance there and then was absolutely useless. Both men were armed, and one of them, at least, was crazy drunk. It would be better to appear to yield, to seem reconciled to the inevitable. She was weaponless, unable to put up any defense; perhaps in the larger room some better opportunity for action might present itself. If she lulled their suspicions, led them to believe that she was conquered, she might be able to snatch a revolver from some holster, or even evade them and run back to the safety of her own room. It was a grim, ghastly chance, but she could think of none better.

"I prefer going there by myself," she said, wondering at the steadiness of her voice, watchful of the expression on Meager's leering face. "Not don't touch me; don't dare to touch me."

The fellow laughed, but there was a snarl in his tone.

"All right; so the cat has still got claws, has she? Well, I guess I can wait putting hands on you; it won't be for long. Go on ahead, then. Come along, Sanchez."

In spite of her trembling limbs the girl walked firmly, never so much as turning her head to glance at the two behind her. She must act her part, play her character, permit them to think her indifferent to results, yet in no way afraid. Without a question she opened the door herself at the end of the narrow hall, and stepped into the room beyond. There were two men in the room, the short, thick Mexican called Arran, sprawling on a settee, and the judge, sunk into the only chair, where old Tom Meager had sat for so many years; calmly smoking a pipe. At their entrance the fellow got upon his feet and bowed, the lips still in his hand. Deborah looked anxiously about for the other—the "Frisko Kid"—but he was not in the room. Then, ignoring the hand Garrity held out, her eyes fastened upon the face before her. She never before had seen a countenance more repulsive or so deeply marked by dissipation, and her heart seemed to choke her before the sudden stare of those pig eyes and the hostile grin of the thick lips.

"You—you are the justice from Nogales," she asked doubtfully.

"That's what I am; Judge Cornelius Garrity, ma'am, at your service."

"And you were asked to come out here to marry me to Bob Meager?"

"Maybe so, if you are the girl."

"I am Deborah Meredith. I want to appeal to you, Judge Garrity, as an officer of the law, to refuse to perform this marriage."

"Refuse! I refuse Bob? Why, it's all straight enough; I've got the license here all made out regular with your name on it."

"That is just the point. That license was procured without my consent or knowledge. I repudiate it; I refuse to assent to it in any way. I have never agreed to marry Bob Meager. I am here now under threat, and I appeal to you for protection."

"My dear young woman," he began honestly, "I was told before coming here that you were somewhat temperamental, and might therefore desire not to proceed with the ceremony. I shall not be swayed in any way by such tantrums. My own duty is plain; the papers are in correct form; Mr. Meager assures me that he had your consent, and has acted in accordance with your own wishes in the matter. It is too late at this hour to change your mind. I trust you will see the justice of this and make no further objections."

"Oh, cut out the hot air, Garrity," broke in Meager, surging forward, unable to control himself any longer. "Let her rave if she wants to; it don't hurt none of us, I reckon. You came out here to do up this job for me, and the law is on my side with the judge. The law of Arizona don't say anything about whether the female consents or not, does it?"

"Well, not directly, Bob; that's implied, rather."

"Implied, h—! You go on and imply it then, pronto. I ain't organizing no debating society, you d—n potbellied idiot. I'm here to marry this Deborah Meredith; that's what I'm paying you for; an' after that I'll attend to her tantrums myself."

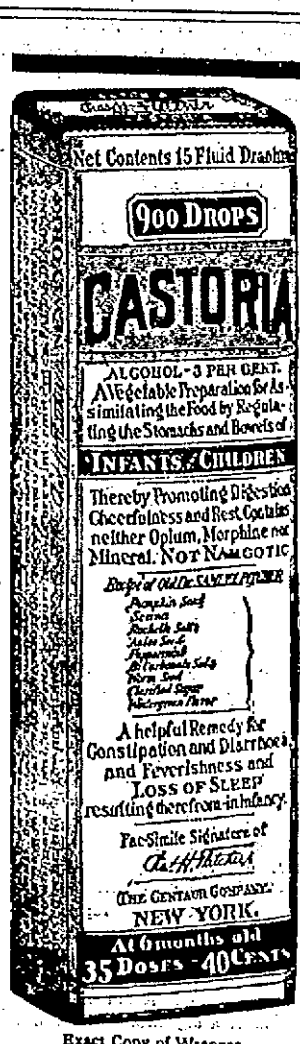
"You mean to force me to marry you?" she asked, her own temper rising to combat his.

"Sure," he replied brutally. "I never supposed you'd do anything else but kick. But that's none of Garrity's business."

"But such a marriage will not be legal; no court would ever sustain it."

He laughed coarsely, his eyes staring insultingly into her own.

"Legal! Corral! You make me tired. This ain't Chicago! We're out here in an Arizona desert, and I don't remember ever caring a d—n what the law says, since I was a kid. Here's my law, when it comes to that, and he suggestively slapped the gun holster on his hip, "an' there ain't nobody tells me what I shall do or what I shan't. You better get that first of



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never touch her—never! She was free now, and would be helpless in his hands never again. She would die first, die gladly, but Bob Meager would never possess her alive. The drunken onts behind spurred her on, strengthened her resolve. She ran, never glancing back, straight to the entrance sought, flung it open and sprang within, slamming the door shut behind her and feeling desperately for the key. It was not in the lock, nor could she find it lying on the dark floor beneath. Drunk as Meager was, he had thought of that; had seen to it that the way to her apartment would be left unguarded. The girl turned, her heart beating rapidly, and crossed to the bureau. Thank God! he had not discovered the gun, and she swung defiantly about, the weapon gripped in her hand.

(To be continued)

## Village Bars Domino Games on Sundays

Dunbar, W. Va.—Blue laws of ultra-marine hue are being enforced in this municipality. The policy of the administration is to keep the lid down tight. Somebody slipped over the line of demarcation the other Sunday and played dominoes. News of the crime reached the ears of Mayor R. H. Garrett, and he forthwith caused the following notice to be published in the Dunbar Advance:

"Notice is hereby given that the playing of dominoes in any public place in Dunbar on Sunday will not be permitted after this date. R. H. Garrett, mayor."

## Formidable Weapon.

The bolo is the national weapon of the Filipinos. The blade is about 18 inches in length by nearly 3 inches in width at its broadest dimension. It tapers from the middle towards the shaft as well as toward the point, making it strongly resemble the ancient short sword. It is not double edged, however, but tapers from a thick back to an extremely keen edge. The scabbard of the bolo is made of native wood with rough outlined designs carved upon it. The whole weapon is much more beautiful in outline and more formidable than the Cuban machete.

## Quick Recovery.

One day my Sunday school teacher asked me to go to a missionary meeting at the home of one of my friends. I told her that "I would just love to come to the meeting, but have a terrible headache." She expressed her sympathy and left me. She no longer left than I started to dress for the street. Meeting an old friend, we decided to go to a play. As we were at the window waiting for our tickets, my teacher walked up and asked me if I was feeling any better. She was on her way to the meeting.—Chicago Tribune.

## Australian "Pearl Farm."

A curious farm is that situated in Torres straits, at the most northern point of Australia. It is known as a "pearl farm" and covers about 5,000 square miles. As a matter of fact, this farm is a plateau covered with shallow water, and there are found more than 250 persons irregularly employed to gathering oysters, from which pearls are taken. These pearls are sold in London for almost a quarter of a million dollars.

## Odd Experiences.

I was having a tooth filled when I suddenly glanced at the dentist and saw fire creeping up his coat. The next minute his whiskers burst into flame. He rushed to the faucet and I beat out the fire with my hands. He had spilled some alcohol on the table where he was working, and the next minute had overturned a lighted taper. The alcohol had caught and the blaze had rushed up his cotton blouse. He was in bed for several days, and I felt that I had had rather a narrow escape myself.—Chicago Journal.

## The Site of "Arrowhead."

Who ever built the house, he builded better than he knew, or else Orion in the zenith flashed down his Democles' sword to him some starry night and said, "Build there." For how, otherwise, could it have entered the builder's mind that, upon the clearing being made, such a purple prospect would be his? Nothing less than Greylock, with all his hills about him, like Charlemagne among his peers.—Herman Melville.

## Explanation of Genius.

All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings, my mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

## Man Really Worth While.

There is nothing like a steadfast man, one in whom you can have confidence, one who is found at his post, who arrives punctually, and who can be trusted when you rely on him. He is worth his weight in gold.—Charles Wagner.

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PHYA BURI NAVARATS

Siamese Government Appoints New Minister



Phya Buri Navarats is the newly appointed minister to the United States from Siam. He succeeded Phya Karavongse, who goes to the court of St. James.

12 MILE LIMIT PLAN IRRITATES ENGLAND

Even Bail of Allowing Sealed Liquor in Ports is Likely to Be Spurned.

London.—The American Government could not have chosen a more inauspicious time to make the proposal again for stretching the limit of the territorial waters from three to twelve miles, even as a bail for granting foreign vessels permission to enter the American ports with liquor under seal. Application of the dry edict has caused irritation in all quarters. Even some of the staunchest drys who are anxious to see the rum running from the West Indies and Bahamas ended are not enthusiastic about the idea of such a compromise, for they will have difficulty in persuading their adherents that Great Britain is not being coerced into putting the lid on the rum running traffic by the promise of letting British vessels carry liquor into American harbors.

The general view in political quarters is that Uncle Sam is turning the thumb screw on John Bull to end the West Indian traffic. But another aspect of the situation which evidently is not reflected in the highest quarters is the effort of the United States Government to stretch the territorial limit. This, so it is viewed here, is not a matter for casual arrangement, but one which affects all nations, and therefore there must be an international conference. But there appears to be no enthusiasm about calling such a conference.

The reparations problem, it is argued, is big enough now to absorb the attention of this and other countries without heading into an international parley which is sure to end in disagreement. Besides it is pointed out that the British Government has only recently turned down a Russian demand for such a conference.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Homerio sails, short forty of crew, who deserted to avoid dry voyage and to get better wages ashore.

PANAMA.—For the first fortnight in June 215 commercial ships passed through the Panama Canal. The tolls collected, \$974,812, established a new high record.

NEW YORK.—Knauth, Naohod & Kuhne, Stock Exchange firm organized in 1853, fails for \$11,000,000.

LONDON.—Resignation of Premier Theunis due to Belgian desire to force France's hand on reparation issue, is belief here.

BADEN, Germany.—The police have arrested three German Fascists who are said to have been implicated in a railway sabotage plot in the zone occupied by the French forces.

LONDON.—Great Britain's attitude toward occupation of the Ruhr is unchanged and the government has no intention of making a declaration approving the invasion, Premier Stanley Baldwin announced in the House of Commons.

MADISON, Wis.—The Wisconsin Senate defeated a resolution recently offered for investigation of "booze parties."

BELGRADE.—Dispatches to Jugoslav newspapers report the existence of a state of civil war throughout the greater part of Bulgaria.

NEW YORK.—Shipping men will urge farmers in Middle West to help solve merchant marine problem.

PEKING.—President L. Yuan Hung flees from Peking as militarists force resignation.

SHANGHAI.—Conditions in China were termed "the worst since the Boxer outbreak" in a statement in which the American Association of China and the American Chamber of Commerce of Shanghai united.

At the end of the present school year, Mrs. Renda W. Southard of Rutland, Vt., will retire as school teacher after a career of 35 continuous years in one building. She is the first Rutland public school teacher to receive a pension under the state teachers' retirement fund.

RUHR PASSIVE RESISTANCE WEAK

German Government Held to Be the Principal Support to 'United Front.'

LABOR MEN ARE RESTLESS

Resent Starvation Wages While Industrialists Pile Up Riches—Steering Committee Works Under Berlin Through the Union Leaders.

Berlin.—Signs of the weakening of Germany's passive resistance in the Ruhr increase. Despite Chancellor Cuno's assertion that the defensive operations against the French forces of occupation emanate wholly from the will of the Ruhr population, it has become obvious that the "united front" would cave in over night if the governmental support were withdrawn.

Even with Berlin's backing the labor leaders are having an even harder time in holding the workers in line, owing to the steady growth among the masses of resentment against the industrialists who are taking advantage of the "peaceful war" against France to grab enormous credits from the national treasury with one hand and keep wages down to the starvation level with the other.

This feeling has found expression in the recent "wild" strikes engendered by the Communists in the Ruhr. It was also reflected in the resolutions passed by the Association of Clerical Workers at Elberfeld last week.

The workers also are becoming aware of the attempts of the industrialists to discount a possible collapse in the Ruhr by urging foreign participation and by seeking mergers with foreign concerns. In this way they hope to avert drastic seizures by the Government to help pay reparations.

While the bulk of the German press still warmly approves the defensive policy, the Socialist and Democratic organs are inclined toward the "armistice" proposition, with, insistence, however, upon the abandonment by the French of their coercive actions.

Paul Scheffer, one of the foremost German publicists, writing in the Berliner Tageblatt, concedes that if there is a "disavowal of solidarity" with the Ruhr and Rhenish populations, by which he implies the withdrawal of official support, the passive resistance will cease and never could be renewed.

Unbiased observers who have followed events closely from the start of the occupation cannot accept Chancellor Cuno's statement that the obstructionism developed spontaneously among the inhabitants of the occupied area. It is true that the first move against the French was made by private individuals lacking instructions from the Government. This move was that transfer of the Kohlenyunkat, or association of coal operators, from Essen to Hamburg two days before the advent of the French in the former city. It was engineered by Hugo Stinnes with the almost unanimous approval of his fellow capitalists of industry.

Its effect was to deprive the French control commission of all means of checking up the Ruhr coal production, the only reliable data on the subject was the refusal of the Sobulapolezal, dike. Nevertheless, on January 12, two days after the occupation of Essen, a committee of mine owners, headed by Fritz Thyssen, agreed to sell coal to France. Forty-eight hours later, following the receipt of orders from Berlin, the committee changed its mind and refused to make deliveries under any conditions.

SEES "DRY" LAW IN PERIL

Homer S. Cummings Says Washington Can't Police Whole Country.

Bridgeport, Conn.—"If the various States do not support and supplement the Government, the problem of law enforcement will become exceedingly difficult," declared Homer S. Cummings, former Democratic National Committeeman and State's Attorney for Fairfield County, Connecticut, in an address here at a public meeting which was called by the Ministerial Association.

WEST POINT CADETS FLY

Twelve Pilots Set New One-Day Record at Mitchel Field.

Mineola, N. Y.—A record for the number of persons flying in one day at Mitchel Field was established when 210 West Point cadets stationed at the field for a week's instruction in aviation were given flights. Twelve pilots flew almost continuously for three hours taking the cadets up. Many of the cadets had never been in an airplane before, and each one was in the air for about ten minutes.

Gifts of \$15,000 from Speaker Frederick H. Gillett of the National House of Representatives and his sister, Miss Lucy D. Gillett of Springfield, Mass., and of \$50,000 from Mrs. Florence Rand Lang of Montclair, N. J., are announced by directors of the Westfield Athenaeum.

MISS JESSICA BROWN

Titled Englishman Would Wed Pretty American Girl



The youthful earl of Northesk and Miss Jessica Brown (above), formerly of the Ziegfeld 'Gilles', have admitted they are practically engaged. Miss Brown is a native of Buffalo. Her fiance, who is only twenty-two years old, is an officer in the Coldstream Guards and he succeeded in 1921 to his title and the \$750,000 estate his father left.

9 DIE AS SMUGGLER'S CREW FIGHTS CHINESE

Survivors Tell of Desperate Struggle in Holdup for More Money.

New York.—Ng Sing Guey, student of a Canton engineering school, who, with nineteen other Chinese passengers aboard the two-master Nassau sloop Maria Beatrice, killed and threw overboard on the Jersey coast the vessel's crew of four, after a desperate knife and revolver battle, gave Chinese Immigration Bureau officials additional details of the conflict to which, according to fifteen surviving Orientals, five Chinese were slain.

The elaborated tale of what happened aboard the vessel after her captain went ashore leaving the mate, a white man, in charge, differs in no essential detail from that related when the hunger and thirst crazed survivors were towed to a mooring alongside the barge office. Ng Sing Guey persists in his statement that an armed attack with robbery and murder as its object was made by two white men and two negroes, forming the ship's company, on the Chinese passengers.

The Chinese, resisting, fought with axes and short knives. Some of the knives bear the names of French military makers. The Chinese say they received them while serving in France during the World War. The survivors admit having attempted to remove blood stains and other evidences of the sea battle from the weapons, but say they were too exhausted from starvation to persist. When flag signals were flown from the Maria Beatrice to attract rescuers, those on board had reached a decision to relate the facts when questioned. The men admit having paid \$500 each to be landed in the United States.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

National Flag Conference comes to successful end with drawing up of detailed code for use of the flag. President will urge new legislation to halt smuggling of aliens into this country.

Harding voices Administration's resolve to create efficient merchant marine at dinner to Chairman Lasker. Senator Couzens of Michigan favors consolidation of the nation's rail systems.

White House indicates no special session of Congress will be called to deal with ship liquor problem.

Committee promptly formed to carry out President's suggestion of a code for uses of the flag.

Proposal to extend search limit to twelve miles informally made to foreign diplomats.

Lasker raises cry of politics in answer to critics of Leviathan trial trip.

President appoints C. P. Anderson to the United States-German Claims Commission to succeed E. B. Parker.

President Harding appeals to all Americans to learn to sing national anthem.

President Harding plans speaking trips on return from Alaska into regions of mid-western revolt.

Offer to let foreign ships bring liquor into United States ports if three-mile limit is extended to 12 miles thought to be move to gain time for changing dry law.

British against extending three-mile limit on liquor search to 12, and Secretary Hughes admits last loophole for easing ban on foreign ships is closed. Gives out correspondence with English Government on subject.

The Rev. Watson M. Ayres the oldest known living graduate of Boston University, was the guest of honor of the university at commencement, June 18. He graduated in 1862 from the Concord Biblical Seminary, which later became the school of theology, the first department of Boston University.

HARDING WILL NOT CALL CONGRESS

President Has No Intention of Relieving Volstead Situation by Means of Extra Session.

IS DOUBTFUL OF TREATY

Intimations of Foreign Powers All Point to Flat Rejection—British Think Acceptance of 12 Mile Limit Would Mean Chaos.

Washington.—That the Administration is not sanguine of the ultimate success of the American proposal for settlement of the smuggling and ship liquor problem is indicated.

It was announced at the White House that the President has no thought of calling a special session of Congress to deal with modification of the Volstead act in the interest of relieving foreign ships of embarrassments growing out of the Supreme Court decision.

The White House announcement was made without reference to pending negotiations with foreign powers for reciprocal treaties by which the three mile limit would be extended to twelve miles in return for giving foreign ships permission to bring in sealed "sea stores" to American waters.

However, it was noted that the announcement on behalf of the President was definite and in no way contingent on the success or failure of the negotiations with the major maritime nations.

It was generally inferred that such intimations as have reached official sources here as to the attitude of the powers toward what they characterize on all sides as the American "trade" left little hope of any agreement that would make it advisable to call the Senate to extra session to ratify such reciprocal treaties as are proposed.

Notice is being served in the pending discussions that the dry sentiment in Congress is still an overwhelming factor. It is hopeless to ask that body to modify the Volstead act to permit the entry of "sea stores" or of "liquor in transport" so long as the smuggling fleet is aided by foreign flags outside the three mile limit.

The Administration is presenting its plan for a solution this way: "Congress will not grant relief to your shipping unless you aid us in eliminating smuggling conducted under the abuse of your flags and this you can do by extending the three mile limit to twelve miles for specific purposes."

However, it is already quite clear that the foreign governments do not see the problem in just this simple fashion. A canvass of diplomatic sentiment would indicate very definitely that the consensus of foreign views is that the United States is offering to give much less than it is demanding in return.

One strong point has been made and that pertains to the danger of extending the twelve mile limit for any purpose whatever in time of peace. Great Britain's stand is that the moment the dignity of international law is extended for one purpose, the way is opened for extension for another purpose which may happen to be in accordance with the domestic needs of this or that power.

Again Great Britain points that by breaking the present hard and fast rule which limits domestic jurisdiction to three miles, chaos results, inasmuch as the limit could be extended to fifty miles as well as to twelve miles. It is suggested that in this case further need of extension for the enforcement of American prohibition would depend on the amenity of the fleet operating between the feeder liquor vessels and the shore. Whether extension of the search limit to twelve miles would eliminate the abuse of foreign flags is regarded as doubtful.

Thus the maritime powers take the position that the smuggling evil and the abuse of the foreign flag is largely an incident of prohibition which cannot be avoided, over which they themselves have no control and the remedy for which is not in the changing of an important principle of international law.

The historic "chain bridge," over the Merrimack river, Newburyport, Mass., was recently threatened with destruction by fire. By aid of chemicals the fire was soon extinguished. The fire is thought to have been started from a cigarette butt thrown by a passing motorist.

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**IT HAPPENED IN NEW ENGLAND**  
News of General Interest From the Six States  
Norwich diversity, Northfield, Vt., has again been ranked among the first ten military schools in the country as the result of a recent federal inspection. The military department of Norwich has received a similar rating for several years past.  
Nine Tutts College, Medford, Mass., seniors, hold that kissing is a moral misdemeanor, according to the annual class statistics, although one canny individual qualifies this doctrine by asserting that the sin is in inverse proportion to the pulchritude of the girl.  
Vice-President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and their two sons will accompany the governors of the New England states on their vacation trip to Maine the latter part of this month. The party also will include the wives, secretaries and staffs of the governors.  
The first step in a state-wide program of child health work was taken when a committee was named by the Maine Public Health Association to draft plans to be followed by volunteer health workers throughout the state. The high death rate in Maine among children especially children of pre-school age, has been a matter of great concern, and a vigorous campaign to check this unnecessary loss of life will be undertaken.  
Methodist churches and Sunday schools of all New England are being urged to co-operate in the latest enterprise of the denominational board of Sunday schools, the inauguration of a summer school of religious education at Boston University, June 25 to July 6. It is expected that there will be a large enrollment of students.  
Edward Lind Morse, 66, artist and author, and son of the late Samuel P. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, died last week in Pittsfield, Mass. He exhibited at the Paris salon in 1893, and the National Academy of Design had special exhibitions of both portraits and landscapes in leading American cities.  
The right of an officers to enforce the law does not depend on whether he is wearing a uniform. Deputy Atty. Gen. William H. Fisher says in answer to a question propounded by Gov. Baxter of Maine relative to the right to the sheriff of Cumberland county or his deputies to stop automobiles unless wearing uniform.  
Deploping the lack of June brides among his flock, the Rev. John A. O'Connell of the immaculate Conception church West Springfield, Mass., laid the blame squarely on the shoulders of the young men. He went so far as to offer assistance to bachelors by making the necessary overtures to any young woman of their choice.  
The largest bequest in the history of Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass., was announced at the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association by Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones of Bileve, president. By the will of the late Mrs. John Phelps Taylor \$20,000 will be available, the income to be used preferably for the Antoinette Hall Taylor Infirmary, named for her. The income of \$5000 of the \$20,000 for the maintenance of the library and residence on the estate, subject to a life annuity, goes to the academy without other conditions.  
**POLICE HALT ANTI-FASCIST**  
Refuse to Let Him Address Buffalo Italians.  
Buffalo, N. Y.—Carlo Tresca, the anti-Fascist speaker from New York, was prevented from holding a public meeting in the Italian quarter here.  
The police refused him permission as he had no permit for the meeting.  
A meeting he tried to hold here several weeks ago was broken up at the request of Federal agents. It is said the courts will be asked to prevent interference at a later meeting.  
**TROOPS SLAY STAMBOULISKY**  
Former Bulgarian Premier Shot in Skirmish Near Birthplace.  
Sofia.—Alexander Stamboulisky, premier of Bulgaria from the time the peasant government was formed under his leadership in 1918 until he was overthrown by the Bulgarian army, was killed in the village of Vetrovo, near his native town of Slivovitz. He was shot after a party of peasants had effected a partial rescue from guards who captured him after a three days' pursuit.





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## HOW

### EUROPEAN STATE PLANS TO EDUCATE SOLDIERS.

Following the example of America, where the soldiers receive all opportunities to enlarge their knowledge, Czechoslovakia is endeavoring to use the time which the soldiers have to spend in service to educate them, and thus to prepare them for practical life, says a report sent to the consulate general at New York. The state provides for the soldiers' educational courses, courses in handicrafts, agriculture, etc. It supplies libraries and all necessary means to make this attempt a successful one. A report recently issued shows that up to September, 1922, 234 libraries had been established in the army. Each regiment, each independent battalion, each hospital, sometimes, indeed, each company, has its own library, and books are available for every soldier wherever stationed. The libraries contain a total of 223,143 volumes, of which 103,205 are Czechoslovak, 40,860 German, 10,447 Magyar and 8,861 in other languages.

Wherever possible every army unit has its own reading room, where the soldier may go to read books and newspapers and to write his letters. There are 218 of these reading rooms, visited on the average by 7,001 soldiers every day. About 2,600 newspapers and magazines are placed at the disposal of the reader daily.

Every battalion or independent unit has its own committee, composed of officers and men, to look after all matters connected with education and entertainment. The finances of these committees for the first seven months of the last year are a convincing proof of the extraordinary activities displayed and the good work which must necessarily have been done.

## TWO PROBLEMS IN ACOUSTICS

How Architects Overcome Difficulties of Hearing in Halls Designed for Lectures and Concerts.

Architects find no more difficult problem than that presented by the acoustics of lecture and concert halls. The subject has been investigated by one of the physicists at Harvard, who offers some interesting conclusions.

The acoustic properties of a hall depend upon two variables—the form and the materials. The essential features of the materials are their absorbing and reflective powers. For Art Museum lecture hall was modeled after Sanders theater, Cambridge, but failed to reproduce its excellent acoustic properties. The reverberations of sound lasted 6.62 seconds, an intolerable length. By putting Sanders theater cushions in the seats, the reverberation period was reduced to 1.14 seconds. An open window is an absorber of sound. An audience absorbs a square meter .81 as much as an open window. An isolated woman in the auditorium absorbed .51 as much as a window, and an isolated man .43, apparently a tribute to the superior excellence of female apparel. Hair felt on the wall absorbed a square meter .78 as much as a window.

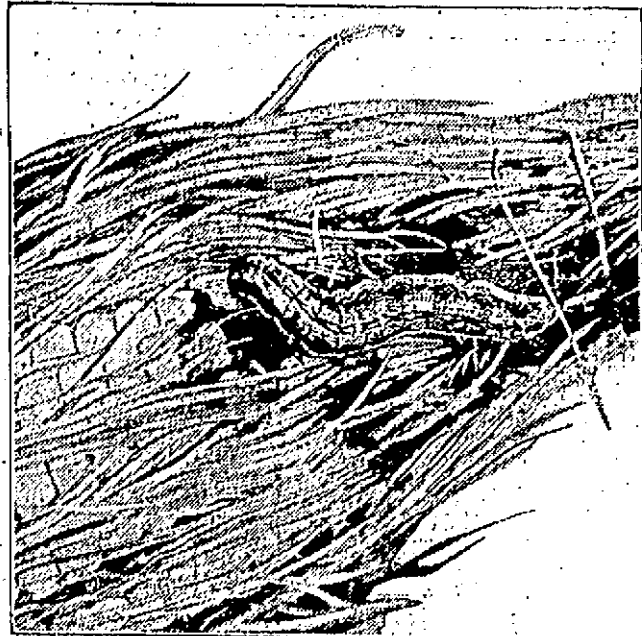
### How Oil Evaporation Is Reduced.

One of the chief problems in oil storage is the loss due to evaporation. When oil is stored over a considerable length of time this loss really amounts to an appreciable waste. The oil companies have been working on the problem and it has been announced that a solution has been found in the preparation known as "sealite." This is a composition of glycerine, glucose and glue. The mixture is poured into the tank through vent holes and soon covers the entire surface of the oil. It effectually prevents the evaporation of oil, and tests, which have been carried on for over a year, indicate a reduction of waste of nearly 75 per cent. The saving is quite considerable, and the initial cost small. Moreover, it appears that the life of the sealite is indefinite.—Oil Weekly.

### How Old Is the Earth?

There appears to be no prospect of equality in scientific ideas of the age of our earth. Ussher's chronology, by which the creation was fixed at 5,500 years ago, has been abandoned. Lord Kelvin's reckoning far eclipsed all previous ones, but in a recent address at the Geological society, Professor Edgington said that "Lord Kelvin's estimate need not now be taken very seriously than Archbishop Ussher's." Using the rate at which the earth's rotation is slowing down, he showed that it has taken more than 10,000 million years since the darkness of the day was between three and four hours and the moon was born.

## CORN EARWORM DESTRUCTIVE TO SEVERAL IMPORTANT FARM CROPS



Enormous Loss Can Be Reduced If Corn Grower Will Select Variety With Long, Tight Husks.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Reduction of the ravages of the corn earworm by at least one-half is possible if corn growers will take certain precautions recommended by the bureau of entomology in Farmers' Bulletin 1310, "The Corn Earworm," by W. J. Phillips and Kenneth M. King, entomologists, just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Annual loss is \$40,000,000.  
A conservative estimate of the annual loss caused by the earworm is \$40,000,000. Little cost or effort is involved in lessening this loss if each grower of corn will select a variety well suited to his local conditions, but having a long, tight husk, and if he will plant this variety in good soil, so as to have it in silk at the most favorable time—when the moths of the earworm are least abundant. The information as to the habits and life history of the earworm given in the bulletin served as a guide in choosing the right time to plant.

Fall of winter plowing to destroy the pupae in the soil is advantageous.

Arsenical sprays or dusts applied to the silks at the time when these are attractive to the moths for laying their eggs, is advisable for market gardeners growing sweet corn or where seed or show corn is sufficiently valuable to justify the cost of treatment. Dusting by hand, although slow and laborious, is the best method of application. Community effort in putting these control measures into practice would undoubtedly reduce the percentage of infestation.

### Enemy of Other Crops.

The corn earworm is also an important enemy of several other crops. When feeding on cotton it is called the "bollworm." Under the name of "tomato fruitworm" it is very destructive to early tomatoes. Late broods attack the buds and seed pods of tobacco. It can subsist on vetch, alfalfa, cowpeas, beans, okra, and a great variety of other plants, although when corn in the milk stage is available, this is its preferred food. Copies of the bulletin may be obtained by applying to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## INCREASE IN AMOUNT OF HONEY GATHERED

Many Persons Still Think Bees Work for Nothing.

Beekeeping, to Be Profitable in Clover Region, Must Be Conducted With Great Skill—Good Attention Necessary.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The keeping of bees is an ancient branch of agriculture, yet modern beekeeping is a new thing. Many persons still erroneously think that bees work for nothing and board themselves, and that to keep bees he simply gets some bees and allows them to roam where they will, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The present-day beekeeper controls the development of the colony population so as to have a full force of gathering bees at the right time, and then prevents a division of this force by swarming. By these and other methods he greatly increases the amount of honey gathered. The modern skilled beekeeper, and bees for more productive than did his predecessors because of his ability to change conditions and adapt them to the natural habits of the bees.

While not all parts of the clover region are equally good for beekeeping, there are few places where it is not possible to keep bees with profit under proper management, says the department. Opportunities for beekeeping in this region, however, are not utilized as completely as in some other parts of the country. Vast areas of the clover region are not adequately covered by bees, and in many places the methods of beekeeping practiced fail to produce the best crops possible.

Beekeeping to be profitable in the clover region must be conducted with great skill, and there are not sufficient beekeepers with the right amount of skill to cover this territory. A drawback to the adequate development of the clover region lies in the fact that there are thousands of persons owning a few colonies of bees who give them little or no attention and who get practically no honey, and these bees serve to occupy territory, while if they were in the hands of good beekeepers they might be adding to the nation's honey supply. The spread of the brood diseases is serving to change this condition, for the number of persons owning bees in the clover region is decreasing.

## RAPE READY FOR PASTURING

Six to Eight Weeks After Seeding It Is Usually Strong Enough to Permit Feeding.

Rape is usually ready for pasturing in six or eight weeks after seeding. It should be allowed to get well started and to have made a growth of 10 or 12 inches. If not pastured too closely, rape continues to grow until freezing weather and thus provides a continuous pasture during the summer.

### It's the Turnover That Counts.

"Knowledge means success only when it is applied," says the American Druggist, "and the man who turns over frequently what little he knows gets ahead of one who has an abundance of dead stock."—Boston Transcript.

## FIGHT ANTHRACNOSE BY ROTATING CROPS

Disease Attacks Muskmelons, Cucumbers and Watermelons.

All Parts of Plant Are Attacked and Yield Greatly Reduced—Spraying May Prevent Outbreak of Allment.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If muskmelons become disfigured by roundish, light-gray spots which later become sunken and marked by concentric rings of pink or black dots, the field is infected with the destructive anthracnose, a fungous disease that also attacks cucumbers and watermelons, living from one year to another in the soil on plant refuse. It may occur in any region of the United States, but usually most damage is done where warm weather is accompanied by high humidity. All parts of the plant are attacked by the fungus, which greatly reduces the yield and may even destroy whole fields. Affected melons bring reduced prices and may even be unsalable. They may look well when picked, but develop a black rot before they reach the consumer unless they are given special care and are hurried to market.

According to Department Circular 217, Anthracnose of Muskmelons, by George K. K. Link and F. O. Meier, just published by the United States Department of Agriculture, crop rotation is the best means of controlling anthracnose. Muskmelons should never be planted on a field that has grown a crop of anthracnose-diseased cucumbers, muskmelons, or watermelons the previous year. However, the severity of the disease may be reduced by planting disease-free seed, or by destruction of seed, and by thoroughly spraying the vines with bordeaux mixture. The seed may be disinfected by soaking for five minutes in a solution of mercuric chloride, one part to 1,000 parts of water, after which it should be washed thoroughly in running water and dried. The bordeaux mixture is made of four pounds of copper sulphate, four pounds of stone lime, and 30 gallons of water. Spraying may prevent an outbreak of anthracnose or check it if already started, but it must be frequently and thoroughly done so that both sides of the leaves are kept covered with the spray mixture.

A copy of the circular may be obtained by addressing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## POULTRY MANURE IS USEFUL

Excellent Fertilizer on Ground Where Heavy Foliage Crops Are to Be Grown.

Because manure taken from poultry houses contains a higher percentage of nitrogen than horse manure, stock owners and gardeners are finding it an excellent fertilizer to use on ground where heavy foliage crops are to be grown.

### Health the First Requirement.

The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve anyone; it must husband its resources to live. But health fulfills answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.—Emerson.

## IN LINEN FROCKS

Simple Lines Feature the New Outfit for Women's Summer Wear.

Various style types are shown in linen dresses for midsummer occasions, and although the general outline of these frocks is simplicity itself, a generous selection of numbers are distinctive because of their trimming. Drawn work, yarn embroidery, silk embroidery and linen stitcheries are alternately used on these dresses.

Stitched embroidery of oriental effect is extensively used on models of tailored street appearance and fine silk embroidery trims the daintier afternoon frocks of linen. Yarn embroidery is most effective and drawn work reflects the popularity for anything hand-made. Pongee is another wash material used in the developing of tailored frocks, and some printed patterns are to be found in this group.

The kerchief mode, which has so far been confined to silk expression, is incorporated in the new trimming treatments. Some very trim gingham dresses have large organdie collars in kerchief effect and it gives an entirely new appearance to this crisp fabric, which is generally suited. Flocked voiles seem to summarize the practical needs of cool wash dresses, and



Cost-Dress Worn Over Foulard Frock in Scarlet and Black, Filled with White Organdie.

following the styles of smart summer skirts many of them are made with long girdled bodices and knife-plaited skirts. The very fact that the majority of them are brown and dark blue means that they will require few washings in a season.

One of the very good three-piece wash dresses is made of an ecru pongee with bodice of fine tucked volles. The double tiered skirt and similar style features are to be noted.

## The Knitted Cap Is Latest-Paris Fashion

The Riviera, writes a Paris fashion observer, is buying a big craze for knitted goods, knitted suits, blouses and sweaters in combination of wool and silk and in all-silk. These are both hand-made and machine-made. In some of the latter the patterns look like a fabric, a beautiful broadway as it were, so cleverly is the pattern thrown to the surface.

Most of the new motor wraps are in the form of big knitted capes. It has gotten to the point on the Riviera that a woman is really not smartly dressed for informal day occasions and for out-of-door sports unless the garment she wears is knitted. Half of the popularity of this style is owing to the fact that it packs so easily and is always ready to wear and the other 50 per cent is represented in its beautiful colorings. Women dare to wear bright yellow, bright coral, corse and green garments fashioned by the needle and the hook who would not presume to wear the same color in a woven fabric.

## Mary Nice Things for the Summer Wardrobe

It is evident that there will be any number of beautiful but inexpensive fabrics from which women may choose their summer wardrobes, notes a fashion authority. The only difficulty is in avoiding the eccentric, for designers, both French and American, in their constant struggle for something new, have often been led into extreme and trying effects. But if a woman has taste she can, from the great quantity of new things shown, be sure of possessing becoming frocks and flattering hats. So it is worth while spending time searching for the best from among these new things.

### Spring Millinery.

Quantities of georgette and taffeta are being used in spring millinery. Often they are made into tricorns or very plain little hats, whose only decoration is a lace veil artistically draped.

### The Motorist's Boy.

We remarked the other day that even the children are keeping their metaphors up to date and gave an illustration. Apropos this has been sent to us: "Seeing a dachshund for the first time a little fellow cried out, 'Oh, look, ma! Look at the long wheezy that dog has!'"—Boston Transcript.

## Charmingly Simple Is This Frock of Taffeta



This winsome little frock, a Paris model, is of gray taffeta, set off by Dutch collar and cuffs of white organdie and a necktie, skirt band and girdle of black satin.

## Broad-Brimmed Chapeau for the Larger Women.

There are rumors in millinery circles to the effect that the broad hat is coming in again. We have clung to parsimony to the last, tightly clinging affairs that there is no doubt we would welcome a change. Large hats are clumsy to get about in and hard to keep in perfect shape, but then they have the advantage of being picturesque and of forming frames for the faces under them that add all sorts of charm and good looks.

Broad-brimmed hats are best for the larger women. They conform to their business in build. Their lines fit in with the lines of the clothes that such women must wear, and the spreading shapes do everything that is pleasant by way of throwing the countenances and the figures underneath them into the proportions that they should assume. A woman has a large face, the little dropped turban hat does not suit her at all. If she will wear a small hat it must be built to order to assume the measurements that will fit the head and properly top off the face. Now, with the hat of large brim it is different. That is just naturally adapted to larger proportions and lines. It can be posed upon the head and it will look right at once. There need be no fussing about it.

The broad-brimmed hats of this season are made of rather transparent stuffs. Often the straw brims are so filmy in character that the hair and its dressed waves show through the crown almost as though there were no covering imposed. The crowns are round and simple, quite fitting the shaping of the head. Then the brims are flapping with wires all around their outer edges. The trimmings are flowers or ribbons or silk or velvet, or they are embroidered designs, but they are always put on with the utmost simplicity and arranged to show their own decorative effect.

## Lattice Hat Crown Is Made by Home Milliner

The home milliner will find no difficulty in making the lattice crown which seems to be sponsored by the foremost designers. A piece of buckram is laid over the crown of the hat to ascertain the size and shape of the crown. Then the buckram is cut and laid flat. The entire surface is covered horizontally with bands of ribbon. Pieces of ribbon are drawn alternately over and under these bands, until the piece of buckram is covered lattice fashion. The ends of the ribbon are all securely tacked, and the covered buckram placed back over the crown of the hat. The ribbon ends are drawn tightly, and bound at the brim with a plain band of ribbon. Grosgrain and moire ribbons in the half-inch width are best adapted for this purpose.

## Jabot Frill Features the Frocks for Spring

A movement which promises to be of great importance in spring frocks of silk, crepe or chiffon is that which introduces the jabot frill. It extends from neck to waist or from waist to hem, and is often repeated at the slit cuff.

From having comparatively small space in the smart frock, the frill has grown in length and importance. Sometimes it trails all the way down the back. Then again, it may start at the waistline, extend down the skirt, about the hem and up the back again to the shoulder.

In addition to this, there are double frill treatments. Two accordion-plaited ones may extend down the side seam of a frock and when the wearer moves give a rippling, undulating movement like the fins of a fish.

### Long Vells.

New vells from Paris come in prodigious lengths. One in the modish all-over vermicelli pattern is nearly three yards long. These vells fall in long lengths from the sides or back of the hat. Sometimes they are wound about the neck and fall in a long streamer over the left shoulder—in fact, the mode of adjusting the vell is merely a matter of individual fancy.

The wise prove, and the foolish confess by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## WHY Phenomenon Called Mirage Is Wonder of Mankind

Refraction plays many magical tricks with men's eyes. It is responsible for the extraordinary phenomenon called mirage, which has excited the wonder of mankind in every age. Owing to differences of temperature, barometric pressure, etc., in adjacent parts of the atmosphere, the refraction is sometimes capriciously varied so that the most abnormal sights are seen, says an exchange. Parts of the earth seem detached and set afloat. Ships are visible upside down, in the sky; objects lying behind hills are believed apparently lifted above them; lakes of gleaming water, surrounded by palm trees and refreshing vegetation, spring into view in the midst of sandy deserts; unknown cities, with towers and minarets, make their appearance suspended in the air; aerial animals appear, browsing to illusory pastures; processions of men and horses are seen, marching or galloping where no foot has ever trod—such are some of the recorded marvels that the mirage has produced.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## EXPLAINING HAIL AND SNOW

Why One Is Hard and the Other Soft Is a Simple Matter to the Meteorologist.

Have you ever wondered why it should hail instead of snow? If you could examine the snowflake and a hailstone side by side, you would find a clue to the answer. In the case of the snowflake the water has turned into a number of tiny crystals, while the hailstone is nothing more than a ball of ice. The snow has been formed from water vapor, the hailstone is just frozen rain.

Meteorologists explain that in the upper air there is a huge quantity of water vapor floating about in the form of a colorless gas, and as long as the air does not become colder, the water will stay as a vapor.

Air at a certain temperature can hold a certain amount of water in it in the form of water vapor. If the air becomes warmer it can hold more vapor, and if it becomes colder it cannot hold so much.

So, if the air, holding all the vapor it can, suddenly becomes colder, some of the water vapor in it has to be squeezed out in the form of drops of water. These fall to earth as rain. If, when these drops of water have been squeezed out, there is a sudden rush of wind upward, the raindrops will be blown up into the higher regions where it is colder and the drops are frozen and form hailstones, which, directly the upward wind stops, fall.

Snowflakes form in a different way. If the air charged with water vapor falls to a temperature below zero, the water vapor will be squeezed out, not as water, but as ice, because the air is below freezing point. Ice that forms straight from vapor becomes tiny water crystals. These crystals as they fall stick together and form snowflakes.

### Why He Values Shoe Trees.

"I never appreciated the advantage of shoe trees, until this spring," said the economical chap. "Last fall I was induced to buy a pair of those wooden things that are slipped into one's shoes to keep them from wrinkling. I thought the practice a silly fad. However, I put them into a pair of low cuts and forgot them. One day I got out the shoes expecting to find them all curled up with the insoles hard and so twisted that it would take several days of agony to get them straightened out. Imagine my surprise when I pulled the 'trees' and slipped my foot into the shoes to find them almost like new ones. Why, I won't have to buy any new ones this summer. That's why I'm going around barking up shoe trees."

### How Silhouettes Came Into Vogue.

Silhouettes were much in vogue before the introduction of photography, and have been revived in recent years. They were called after Etienne de Silhouette, the French minister of finance in 1759. His extreme parsimony in all matters of finance was caricatured everywhere and any cheap mode of fashion was sarcastically called by his name. About that time these profile pictures cut from paper were introduced. They were made by means of the light of a candle, the shadow of a face or figure being traced on the paper. Because they were cheap, they too were called by the name of the minister and silhouettes they have been ever since.

### Why Wolf Must Be Kept Down.

It would seem that the wolf would be driven to extinction by the increase of man and the wide area of cultivated ground, which must have deprived him of much of his forest quarters. But instead the animal has kept pace, and when the hunter, his greatest enemy, ceased his activities for a time the wolf increased in enormous numbers. Guns will have to blaze mightily often to bring down this undesirable population to its normal size and also to stop the most undesirable of all immigration, the entrance of the Siberian wolf into our country.

### Why Housewives Employ Acid.

Acids are coming into more common use for housekeeping purposes. The bathroom floor tiling can be cleaned with a weak solution of hydrochloric acid, or as it is commonly called, muriatic acid. This same acid used in a medicine dropper on an iron rust stain will remove the stain without damage. If the cloth is rinsed in weak ammonia, label the bottle "poison," for even the mildest acids may be dangerous.

### Action Is All That Counts.

The fact is that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and swim through as well as we can.—Sydney Smith.

